



are you sky-hi?



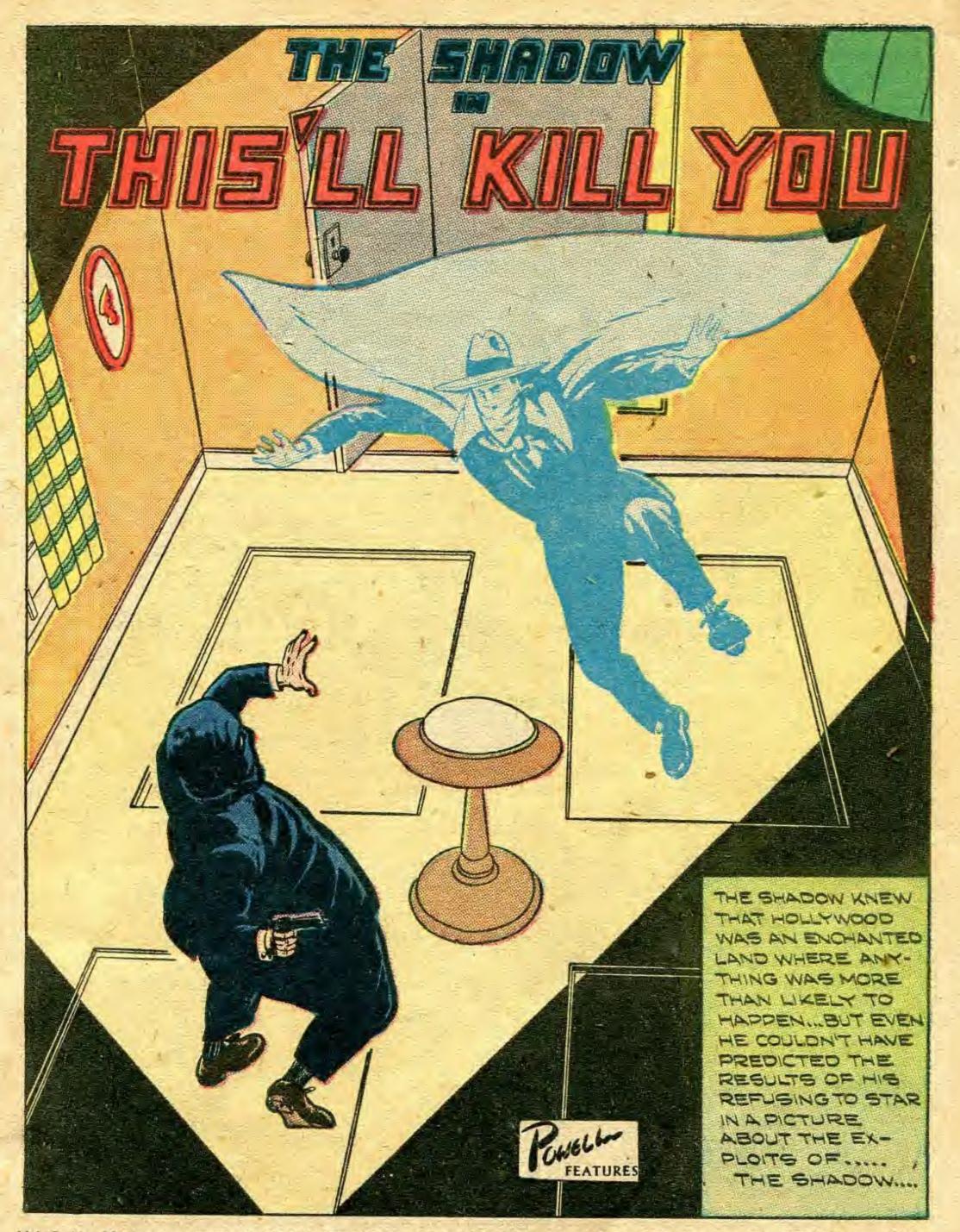
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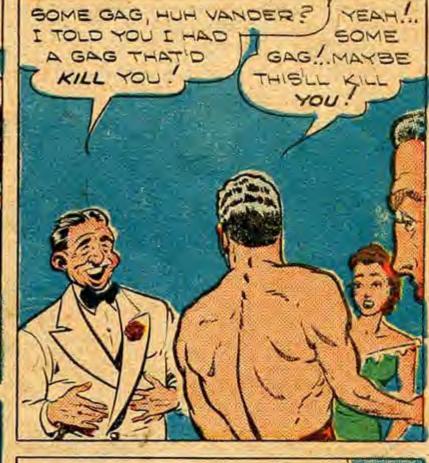


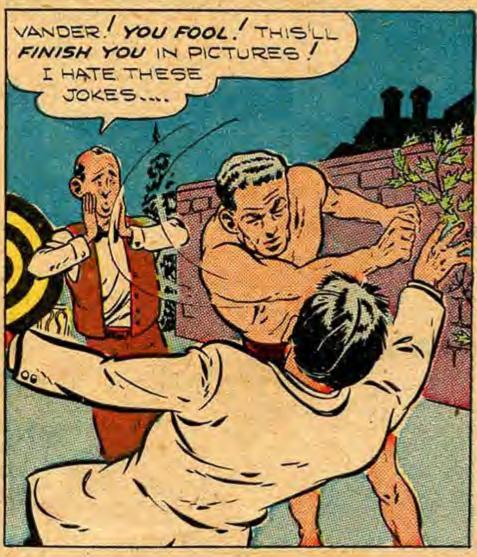




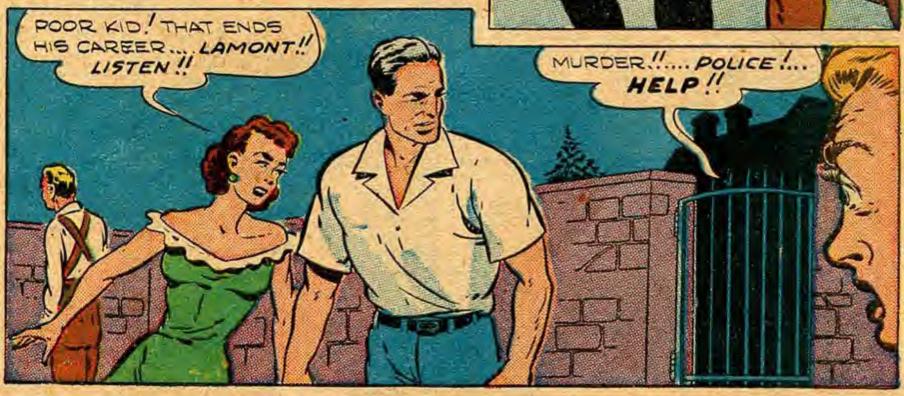














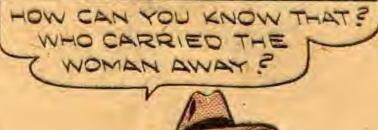










































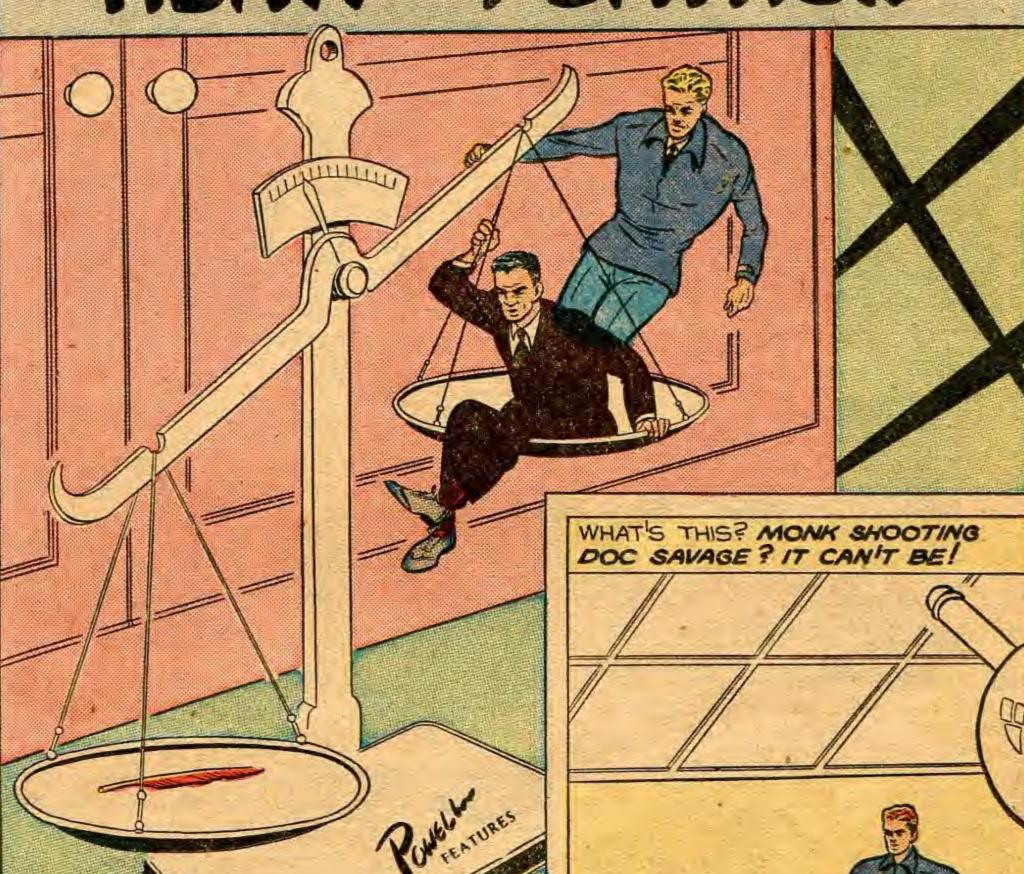
YES .. YOU SPOTTED IT ALL-RIGHT... BUT WHAT'S WRONG? WHO'S THE FAT GUY ? THE FAT HE WASN'T MAN ADDED IN ON THEM THE NEW ELEMENT! HE GAG. KNEW THE WO-BETTER MAN WAS TO SAY WAS THAT THE KNIFE CAME FROM NOWHERE 00 SHE WASN'T EVEN THAT IN THE ROOM AS DART THE FAT MAN KNEW! SO ... HATING SILVER -WYNN, HE GOT EVEN ... KILLED HIM ... AND THEN HAD THE BAD LUCK TO RUN INTO SHREVVIE WHEN HE TRIED TO GET RID OF THE DUMMY! HE KNEW EVERYONE WOULD PLAY THEIR PARTS STILL THINK-ING IT WAS ALL A JOKE!







## DOC SAVAGE THE CASE OF THE HEAVY FEATHER



ICE...OF COURSE, IT WAS ICE.. EXCEPT IT
DIDN'T FEEL COLD.. AND TO MAKE IT MELT
YOU HAD TO HEAT IT TO 400 DEGREES
FAHRENHEIT! AND THEN THERE WAS THE
FEATHER, AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT IT LOOKED
LIKE, EXCEPT IT WEIGHED FIVE HUNDRED
POUNDS! ADD THESE FACTORS TOGETHER
AND WHAT DO YOU GET? TROUBLE A LA
DOC SAVAGE!





















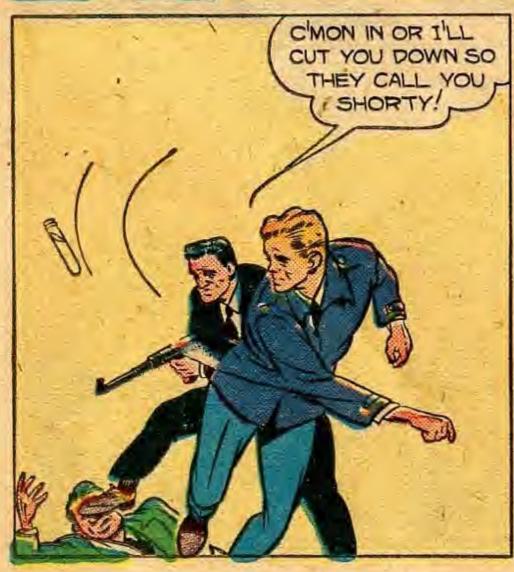


















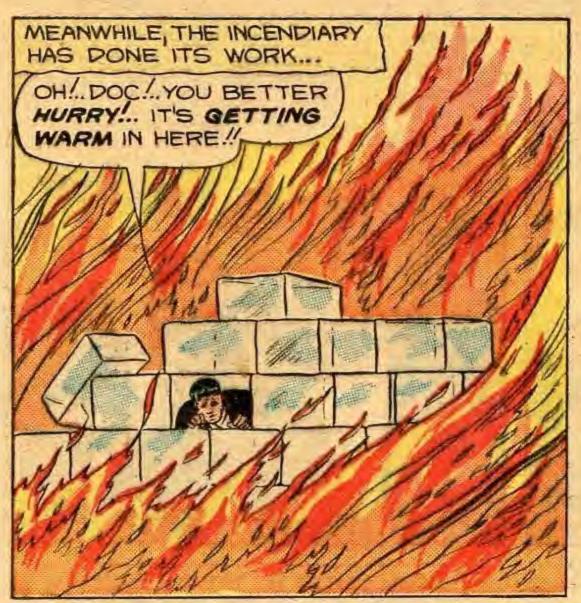
























BUT DOC HE SAW THE GIRL'S FATHER GET KILLED ...

NONSENSE! HE EITHER HAD HIM KILLED OR DID IT HIMSELF!





VINCE! I GOT AWAY FROM THOSE MEN... THE POLICEMEN CAUGHT THEM!

ONCE HE KILLED

DR. FARREN HE

FOUND OUT HE

COULDN'T DOPE

OUT HIS SECRET

HE HAD THE FEATHER

SENT TO ME HOPING



WHEN YOU EXPLAINED IT WAS PONE BY HYDRAULIC PRES-SURE HE TRIED TO HAVE US KILLED. NICE KID! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

> THINGS. THE GUNMEN AIMED AT OUR HEADS! THAT MEANT THEY KNEW WE WERE WEARING BULLET



I GET IT! WHEN THE
FEATHER WAS DELIVERED HE WAITED OUTSIDE FOR A WHILE
EAVESDROPPING..WHAT'S
THE OTHER THING?

THAT STORY HE
TOLD...IT WAS A LIE!
HE SAID DR. FARREN
WAS MIXING ACETIC
ACID AND VINEGAR
WHEN HE WAS SHOT.
THAT'S ABSURD!
THEY'RE THE SAME
THING!



## FROM THE SHADOW'S CRIME FILE





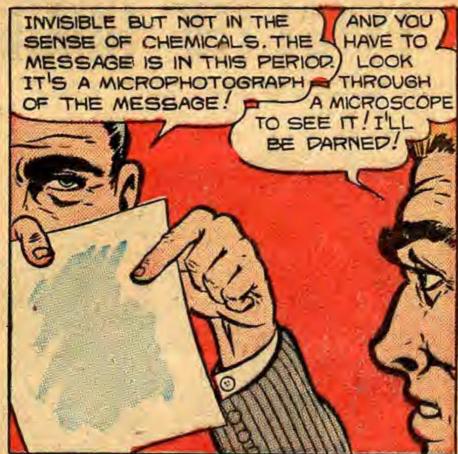




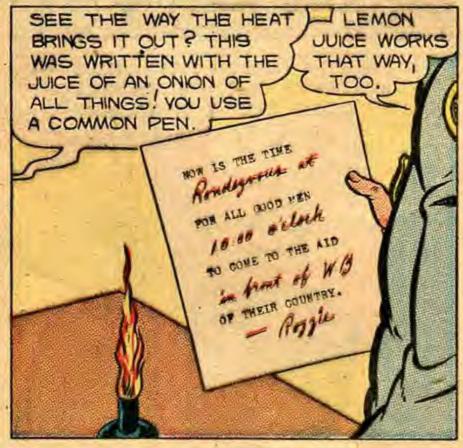


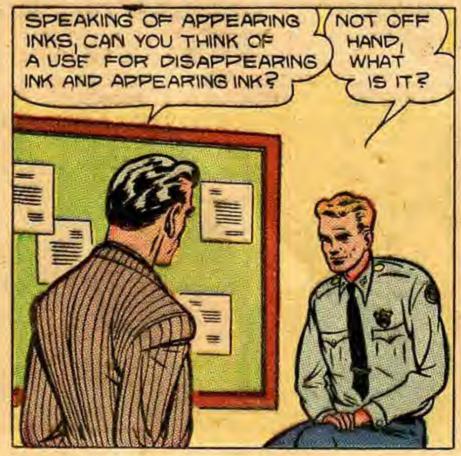








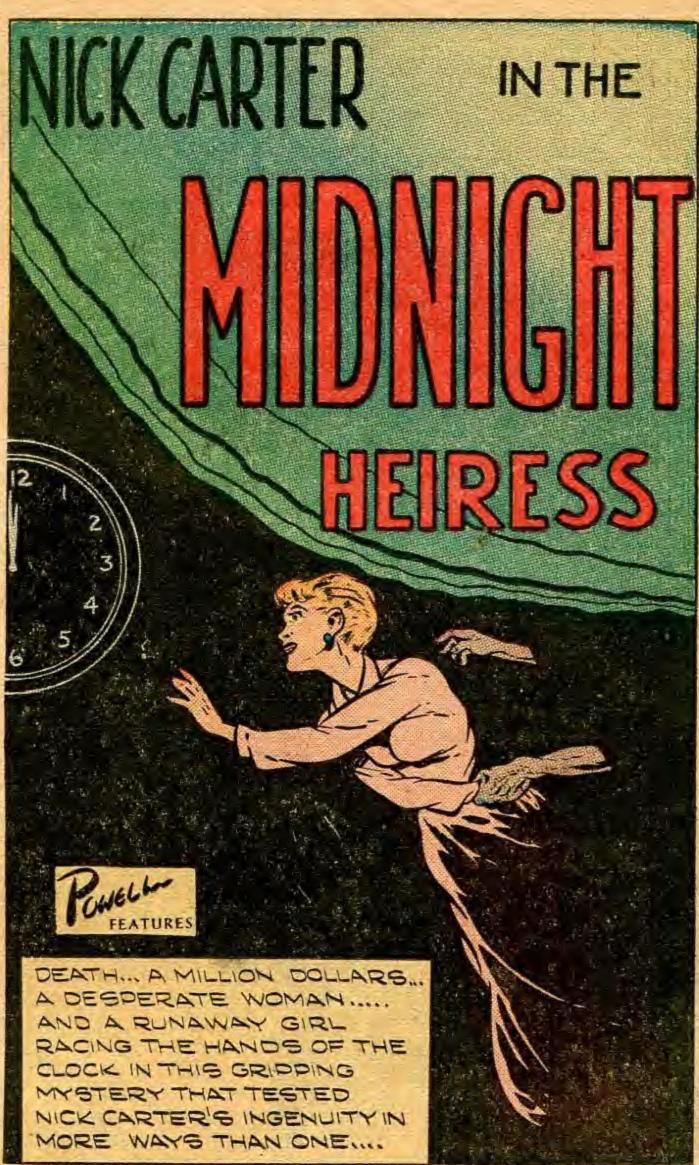
































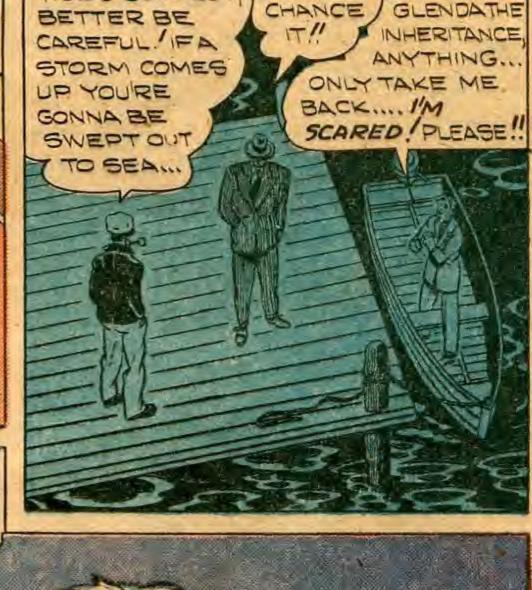


MEANWHILE ... NICK

HIRES A BOAT ....

TIDES GOIN OUT,





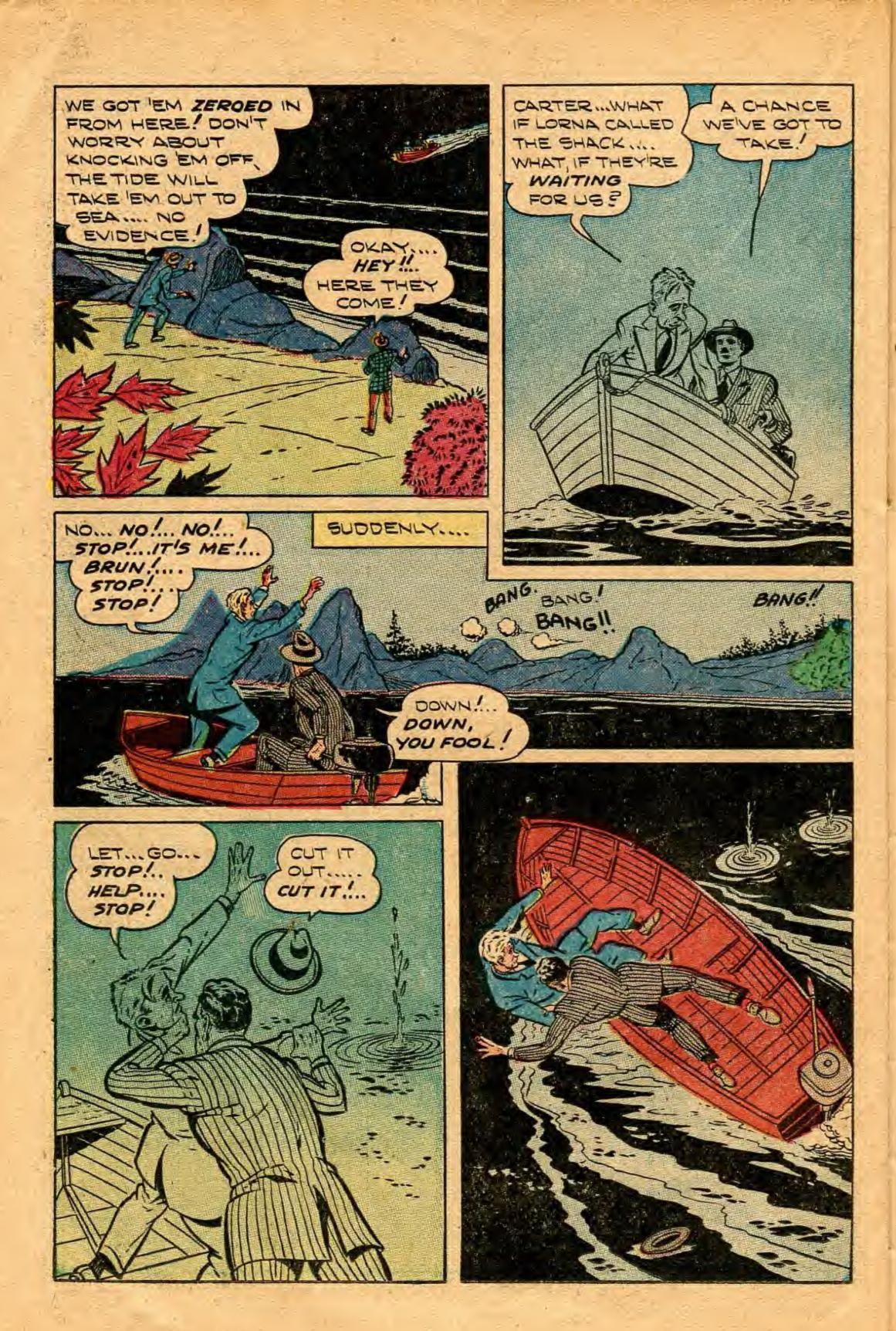
THANK'S ... ( CARTER!

BUT WE'VE LISTEN.

ILLGIVE

GOT TO









AND WHILE THE GIRLS STRUGGLE WITH

THEIR ROPES, NICK STRUGGLES WITH BRUN ..











GREETINGS MIGG GLENDA MORGAN I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A MIDNIGHT DATE WITH THIS WATER-SOAKED RAT IN THE DOORWAY!

THROUGH
NO CHOICE OF
MY OWN, I ASSURE
TOU!... UGH!

YOU'VE GONE TO ALOT OF TROUBLE FOR NOTHING, CARTER.... WITHOUT THE LEGAL PAPERS, THIS MEETING

PAPERS, THIS MEETING!

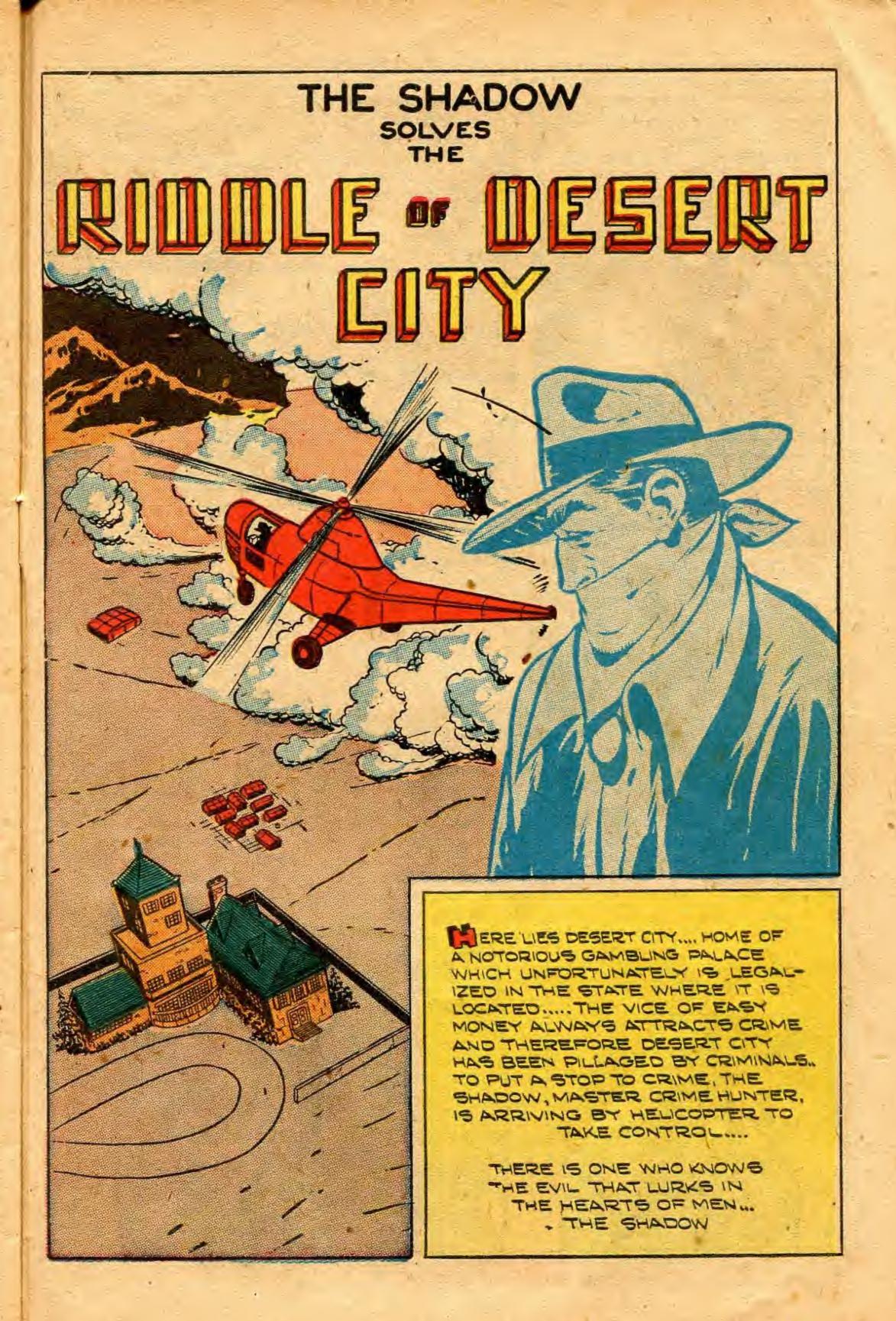


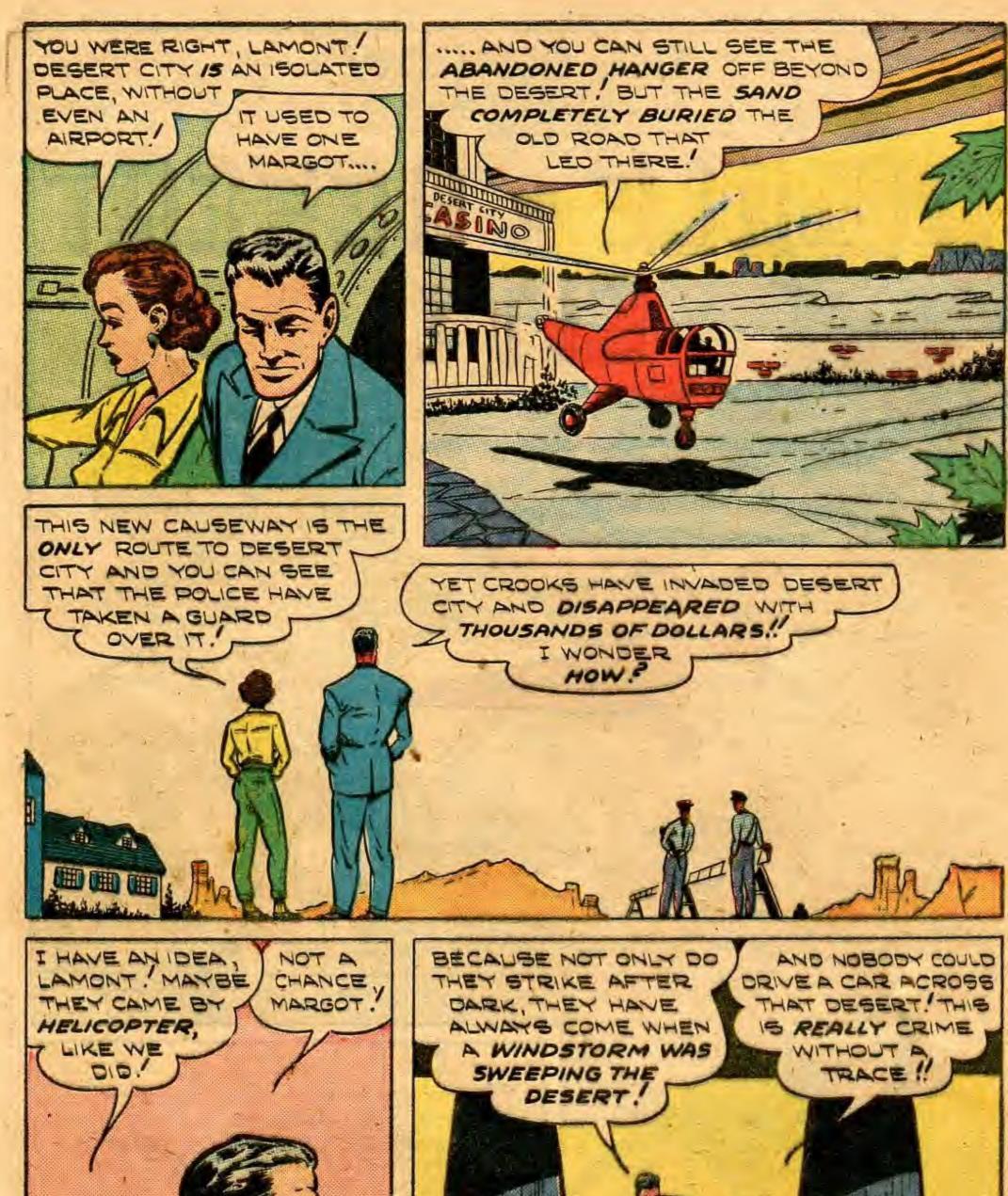
I WAS WELL AWARE OF
THAT, SO I TOOK THE
LIBERTY OF VISITING
YOUR OFFICE
AND... SHALL WE YOU'RE
SAY BORROWING WONDERTHEM FROM IN FUL...
YOUR FILES! BUT HOW
DID YOU
FIND US!

VERY SIMPLE, PATSY! BRUN MADE A NOTE ON HIS DESK PAD! IT READ FURNACE ISLAND ... HE TORE THE NOTE OFF THE PAD, BUT A SLIGHT IMPRESSION REMAINED ON THE NEXT PAGE ... A FEW CIGARETTE ASHES SMEARED OVER THE PAGE BROUGHT OUT THE WORDS. THIS COUPLED WITH THE TERMS OF THE WILL GAVE ME THE COM-PLETE PICTURE!













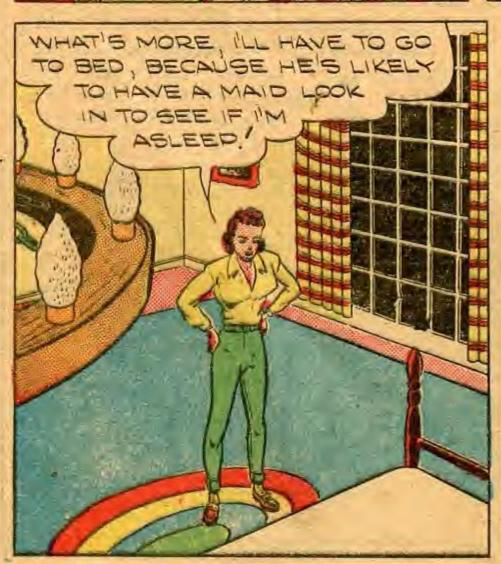










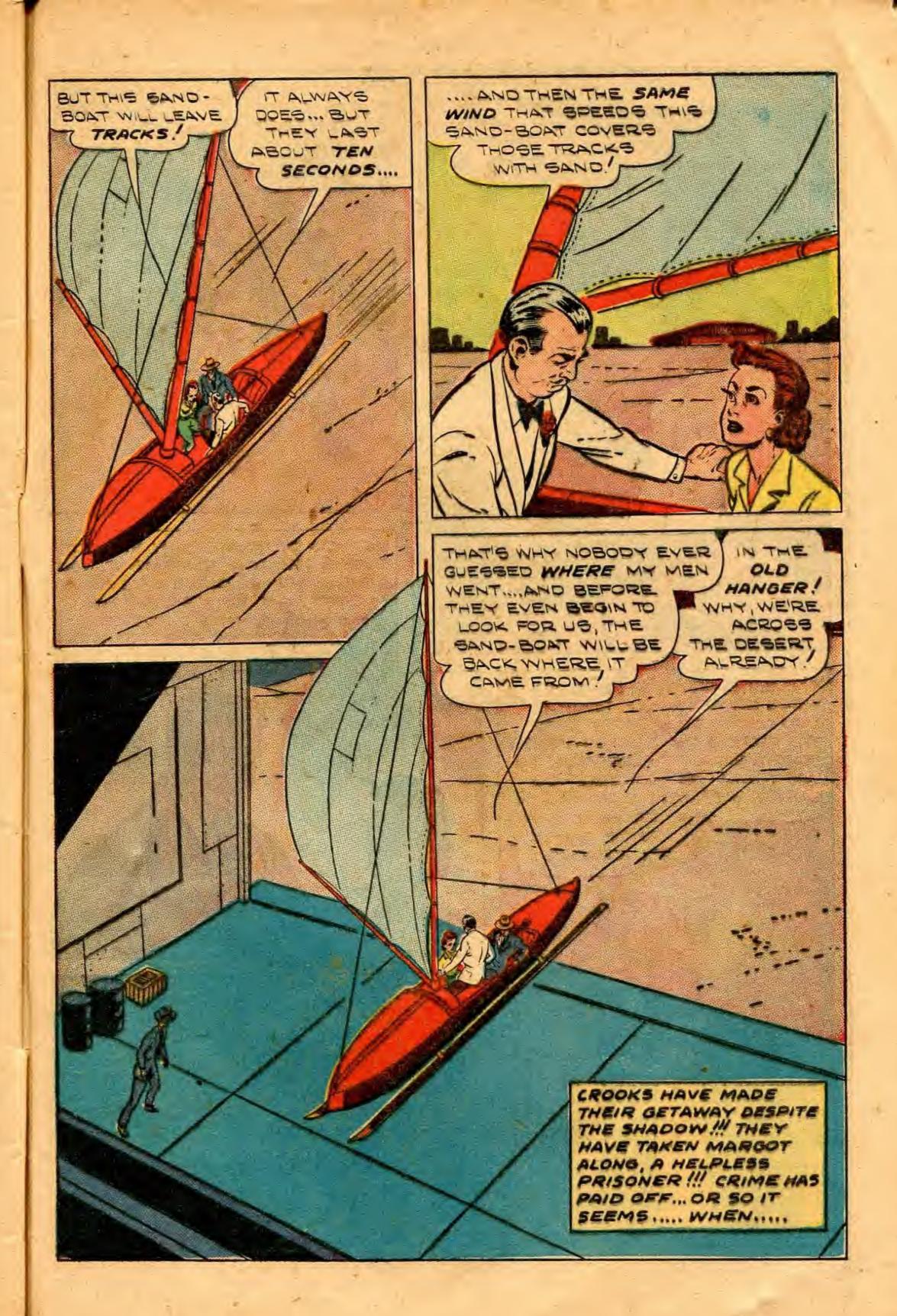


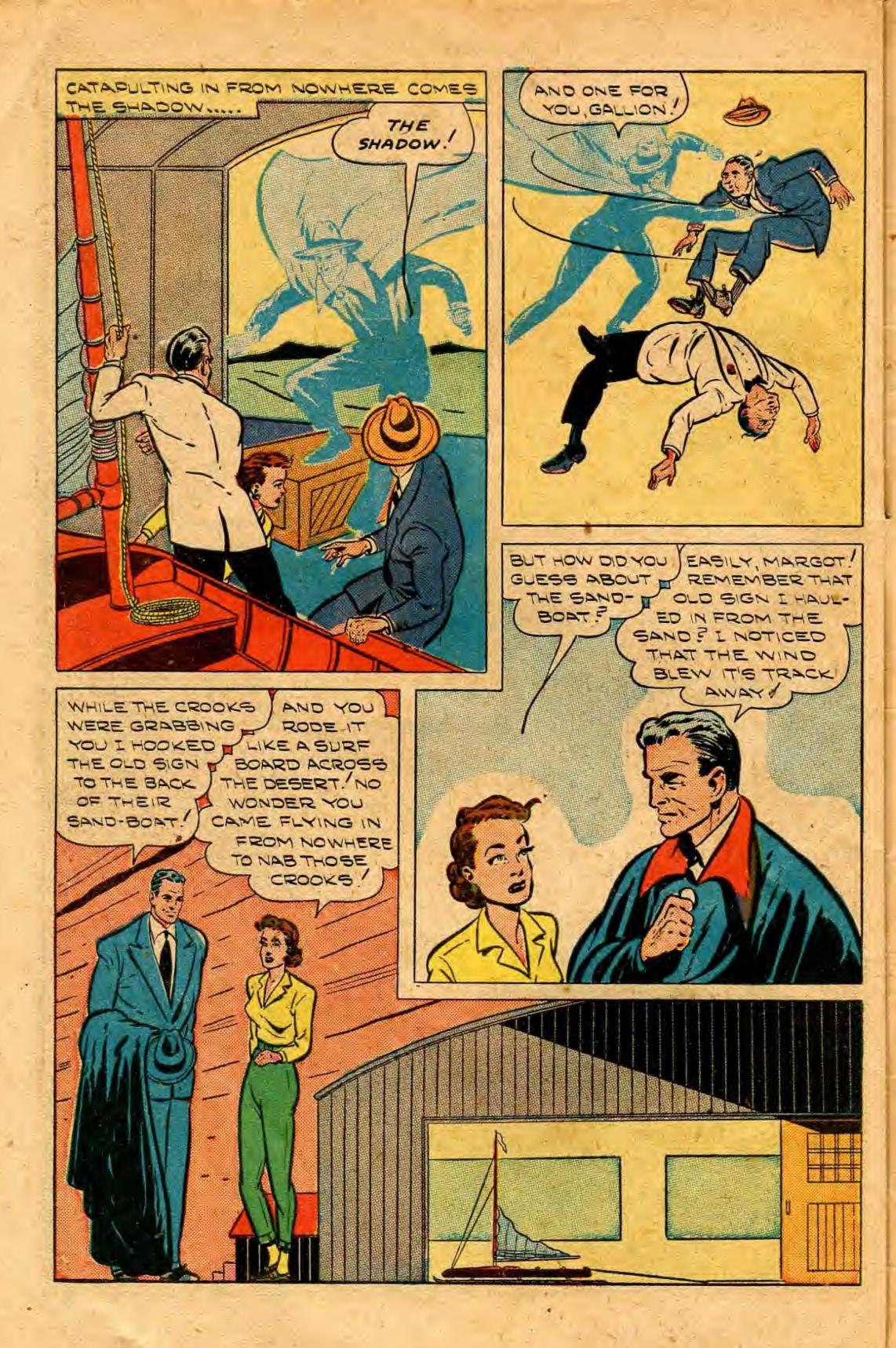
















## MURDER INVISIBLE . . .

The members of the Inner Circle hunched forward in their seats with excitement. When Nick Carter had promised to tell them about one of his most baffling cases, he had meant it. Nick had told them of how he was on vacation at Cape Cod when a strange series of messages began to come over the telegraph from a lone-some lighthouse stuck way out on the raw coast.

The messages had contained terror! Nick was saying, "The last message the telegrapher got from the lighthouse said, 'I don't think I can last any longer . . . something's happening to me . . . I seem to feel the presence of someone near me . . . I . . . ' and that was the last word we got!"

Nick looked at the members. "I got the only doctor that the little town boasted and we made the rough trip out to the lighthouse in a dinky. I didn't enjoy it a bit!"

"When the doctor, the town sheriff and I got out of the dinky there was not a sign of life on the lonesome little area of land. The lighthouse stood straight up, proud and glistening.

"We looked about us, but there was literally nothing to see. Just sand, water . . . and the lighthouse. We knocked on the door. No answer. Luckily it wasn't locked. We went in. No one in sight.

"The spiral staircase led up to the top of the lighthouse where the beacon was. The doctor in the lead; we went up slowly. I was thinking, as we made our way up, of the messages from the lighthouse keeper. The desperate sentences about footsteps in the sand . . . footsteps made by no foot. . . .

"At the top of the spiral staircase we paused again. Ahead of us we could see the keeper. He had fallen from the chair in front of the telegrapher's key.

"The doctor gasped, 'He's . . . he's been

hurt . . .' and ran to the keeper. The sheriff and I looked around the sparsely furnished room. It was like being in a gold fish bowl. Glass all about us. In the center the beacon, polished within an inch of its life, gleamed and glistened.

"The doctor said, 'I'm frightened!' I could see why when I joined the doctor at the keeper's side. From his back there projected a knife!

"The keeper had been stabbed to death . . . but I had noticed when we got out of the dinky that there were no footprints in the sand that surrounded the lighthouse . . . and there was no place in the lighthouse for a mouse to hide, let alone a man!

"Nevertheless the sheriff and I went over the whole place with a fine tooth comb. We found what I had expected . . . nothing. Not a sign of anyone. No suspicious signs of any kind. And yet, upstairs, above us, a man had been stabbed!

"The sheriff and I looked at each other when from above us we heard the doctor's voice calling. It was husky with panic!

"Believe me," Nick said, "the sheriff and I went up those winding stairs as if jet propelled! We found the doctor pointing out the glass enclosure. He was pointing down at the sand.

"He said, 'Do you see what I see?"

"We did. There, down on the sand at the foot of the lighthouse we saw a footprint appear in the sand! But . . . there was no one there. The first print was followed by another and then another. They were going towards the water's edge near our dinky.

"The sheriff said, 'It must be an invisible man.' Then he stopped and said, 'But that's impossible.'

"Impossible or not those steps made their

way to the water's edge! Then nothing happened. There was no splash . . . nothing at all.

"I don't know how long we three stood there looking down at the line of footsteps that led to the water, but it was a long time!" Nick looked at the members. They were completely quiet. All of them were bemused. It seemed so incredible. Things like that couldn't happen.

Nick said, "Of course the killer had made a mistake. He had made the whole thing too impossible. If he had been contented with just the murder, I might have had trouble in catching him. But those footprints were too much. He had gilded the lily."

Beef said incredulously, "You mean a man did all that? But how could he? How could he get into the lighthouse without leaving any footprints? How could he do the stabbing? How did he leave the footprints in the sand? Was he really invisible?"

"Invisible in the sense that he was too close to be seen," Nick said, "which sounds paradoxical but isn't.

"However, first things first. I went downstairs from the lighthouse and out on the sand. There were four sets of footprints there. The three sets that the doctor, the sheriff and I had made going into the lighthouse and the fourth set that we had just watched being made by a non-existent set of feet. These went from the lighthouse to the water's edge.

"Above me I could see the sheriff and the doctor looking down at me. I called up, 'Sheriff, you'd better put the handcuffs on the doctor. He may go berserk when I begin to dig in the sand!"

The doctor? The members looked at each other in puzzlement. They knew that Nick always played fair. He gave them all the clues that he had therefore they should know why the doctor was the killer . . . but they didn't. They waited expectantly for Nick to clear things up.

He said, "There was a moment of stunned silence above me and then I saw the doctor swing a wild blow at the sheriff. The sheriff had no trouble in quelling him once he got

over his surprise. He was much heavier than

"When I saw that the doctor was safely handcuffed I began to dig around the first footprint in the sand. As I had expected I found under the sand a wooden box that was roughly formed in the shape of a footprint. The top of it had fallen in on itself!

"I didn't bother digging up the other footprints. I knew that there had to be similar boxes under each of the footprints. I took the footshaped box up to the top of the tower with me."

Next to the beacon sat the doctor, hands cuffed, face drawn and old. He said brokenly.

"I was a fool. It would have fooled the sheriff. . . . I should have put it off when I found out that Nick Carter was in the neighborhood. But . . . I couldn't . . . the keeper knew about me . . . knew I was involved with doing plastic surgery on gangsters. . . .

"The sheriff said, 'I don't get it! What's that box for?

"I showed him how the box had contained a chemical. Buried under the sand till ready, the chemical held the cover of the box up. When a release was kicked by the doctor the chemical dissolved. That let the lid of the box fall in on itself which in turn let sand pour into the box. From the surface the falling sand looked as if a foot were pressing into the sand.

"The sheriff broke in again and asked, 'But ... the stabbing ... 'there was only one answer to that. The doctor had given the man some kind of drug ... this caused the hallucinations he had told us about on the telegraph ... then finally it knocked him unconscious as the doctor knew it would.

"He was alive when we got there! That is the horrible part. I might have been able to save his life . . . but I couldn't know about the background at that point. . . ."

Beef broke in, "Gulp . . . you mean the doctor bent over him to pretend to examine him . . . and while he was doing that he stabbed the keeper?"

Nick nodded. "Yes. That was what I meant when I said he was to close to be seen!"



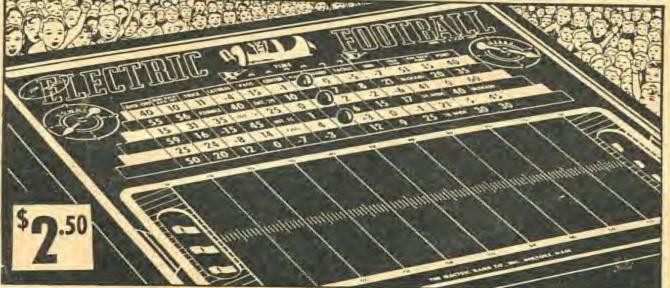












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